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VIEW OF ADAM'S PEAK.

Pilgrim's to Adam's Peak.

(By the late Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin, in 'Ceylon Church Missionary Gleaner.')

March is, I think, the hottest month in Ceylon. The sun has most power and the sky is a clear blue the greater part of the month. The ground gets so hot that the people say it burns their feet, and you see them going along the road hugging the sides where there is a chance of getting any shade at all. Even my horse will do the same thing. It is a favorite month for pilgrimages to Adam's Peak, for the people prefer the sun to the rain.

In March I am usually at Nambapana. While there I saw numerous groups of pilgrims on their way to the Peak. The groups are mostly mixed of both men and women and vary from twelve to forty people. I noticed a band of fifteen women, with only two men who were carrying the food and other necessaries of the pilgrims. The women were leading the singing.

I also saw two or three women carrying quite little babies, and there were old men and women trudging along, who must have found it very difficult to get to the top of the mountain, and even then only by help from stronger and younger pilgrims, for they could never get up alone. Among the people were boys and girls ten or twelve years of age, the sight of whom reminded one of the first visit of Jesus to the Feast of the Passover. Now and again some of their offerings were openly carried on the road, with pipe and drum and shoutings. In front of the procession you would see a man with a platter to collect alms and offerings from those who were not going to the Peak, but who would like to share in the merit of the offering.

Round the base of the mountain, or where they halt before beginning the final ascent, which is very steep and difficult, the people leave their extra clothing, food, and other property, and it is perfectly safe; no one will steal it while its owner is at the top of the Peak, but anywhere else, either in coming or going, it would not be safe out of its owner's sight.

As they move along on the way to the Peak they sing or chant some verses at intervals. They say it shortens the way and cheers them along. In the same way, I suppose, the 'Songs of Degrees' (Ps. cxx.—cxxxiv.) were sung by the Israelites on their way to the feasts at Jerusalem.

As they return from the Peak there is very little if any singing, for they are too tired and footsore. So far as I can make out from inquiry the pilgrims only stay two or three hours upon the top of the mountain, make their offerings at the shrine of the Footstep, and then come down again. All that is to be seen at the top of the Peak itself is a very rude resemblance of a huge footstep indented on the rock, left there, as they believe, by Buddha 2,400 years ago But there is no person there to worship; no one to help them or bless them.

They take great trouble, walk long distances, are exposed to heat, sun, and rain, and yet there is no one that regardeth, for Buddhists are without God and without hope in the world.

The idea at the root of all this is that they must do something to make themselves good, to accumulate merit, in order to secure a happier existence at the next birth, or to help towards the attaining of Nirwana. This idea lies at the root of all man's religion. 'What must I do.' 'What must I do,' so different from the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, that we are to receive everlasting life as children—receive it as a perfectly free gift, 'without money, without price.'

Seventeen good, sober boys went from an Illinois town as soldiers to Manilla. One was killed; the other sixteen met with a worse fate; they came home confirmed drunkards—canteen drunkards.

Reclaiming Japanese Convicts.

(By Mr. Taneaki Hara, in 'The Christian.')

When I was laboring in a branch prison in the province of Kushiro, Hokkaido, the twenty-third year of Meiji, robbers and felons to the number of about two hundred were brought there from Tokyo. I was much surprised to find one among them who had a New Testament. I wanted to know how he came by it, and called on him at once. He was tall and his face depraved, and I could easily see that he was a wicked and cruel man. I asked him first the cause of his having the Bible, but he made no reply. I learned that he was ignorant, and knew not even a letter. When I asked him again, he replied, 'This book is my valued possession.' The manner of his speaking made me more earnest to know what it meant. He said, 'I am a great law-breaker, but heaven has not forsaken me, and delivers me from sin. I had been robbing and stealing much, but one day there was nothing to get, so I broke into a girls' school in Yokohama with my companion. There was a great cry that robbers had broken in. We went into one of the rooms, and there found a little girl sitting in her bed engaged in earnest prayer. We took many of her things, but she quietly raised her head and watched what we were doing; and when we took one of her dresses, she said, "Grant me the privilege of keeping it myself, and you may take all the rest of my things. My mother gave this dress to me. It was woven by her own hands. There is nothing to me more precious than this." It was not a valuable dress, so we put it on the end of a drawn sword and threw it at her. When we were going away, someone came after us, calling with a girl's gentle voice. We stopped and heard her say, "Please, take this book and read it." It was only a book, and, thinking it was no good to me, I threw it back at the little girl.'

When relating this to us his face became flushed, and he seemed very much ashamed; but he continued, saying, 'I lay concealed next day in a secluded place; but the day after went to visit my accomplice. He had already been arrested, and a detective was then waiting in the house. When I called at the door a little old man came out and inquired my name. He told me to go with him to the police station, as he had something to ask me. I remember well the events of that day. I was exceedingly ignorant, but knew enough to understand that I was going to be arrested, and that there was no escape.' I was taller than he, and had strength sufficient to enable me to escape easily; but I felt that he had some power which I could not resist. After a little while I found myself in a prison. It seemed as if I had just wakened from sleep. I was carried before the police officials the next day. The injured one, that little girl, was there, and after the cross-examination was over the superintendent of police showed me a book, and asked me if I had seen it before. He said, "This is a religious book which was given to you by this little girl to make you repent of your deed, and to lead you in the right way. As soon as she heard you were arrested she came here to give you this book. There is no other wicked person so favored as you are in the gift of this girl. Remember, therefore, the precepts of Christianity and repent of your sins." I was then quite broken in my heart, but I did not know what Christianity was. However, I believed it was a religion of righteousness. That weak little girl's fearlessness and filial love pierced my heart very deeply. Therefore I have repented, and in order to reward her love I carefully keep this Bible which she gave me.'

When he had finished his story, I returned thanks to God that his power, the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and the salvation of Christ, extend even to such a sinner, and then I persuaded him to read the Bible constantly. Also, I taught him the Japanese characters. Unfortunately the time came that I could not live near him longer, but I instructed him constantly by letter. I was much pleased to find by his letters that he did not forget to read his Bible. The letters were written better each time, and showed general improvement of mind.

There have been 365 men—all robbers and thieves—whom I have helped during the two years past. The number now in my home is sixty-two. Twenty-one others have made homes, and already have families. Some of these are in Tokio, while others have gone into the interior. Among the 365 there are twenty-three who have committed offences a second tme, and twenty whose whereabouts are now unknown to me. During this time eleven have run away from me. But eight-tenths of the whole number have regular and lawful occupations. This charity work is based upon the words of Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none. . . . . In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.' It is not by the power of money that I do this work, but I let them follow their own occupations. Though I have been helping such a large number I have not given them any money, but have allowed them to have only things which they earned themselves. Some are blind, deaf, and crippled, but all support themselves by their own labor.

A Gentle Way.

Counsel and admonition gain immeasurably in their influence when the smile goes with them, and the word is spoken in a sweet voice wisely. A deep impression was made on the heart of a young girl visitor to a quaint peasant who had this gift of a gentle way. One day he was picking up fallen fruit in his little orchard plot.

'Don't you get weary stooping so much?' asked the girl, watching his slow movements.

'No, miss,' he said, brightly, 'I don't weary; I'm just waiting. I think I am about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! Oh, miss, you're young yet, and perhaps just in blossom. Turn well round to the Sun of righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for his service.'

That humble German peasant had learned in the school of love how to bring others to the Master. If sometimes we fail when we attempt it, it may be because we have not the knack of pleasantness.—'Bright Jewels.'

Toplady's Conversion.

He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian. When he and his mother were on a visit to Ireland on the Lord's Day they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. He was very earnest in his sermon, and put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the young man said in his own heart, 'I will not yield, I will not yield,' his heart was hardened against God's grace, and at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. When the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn:

'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.'

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sung the hymn with their whole heart; and what a sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. He found God and gave himself to him. He lived to be an honored preacher of the Gospel. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

—'English Paper.'

Generous Friends.

We have pleasure in acknowledging this week a kind remittance of one dollar from L. A. N., Diligent River, N.S., for copies of the 'Messenger' to be sent to any mission where they are needed. We think of using this sum for sending 'Messengers' to Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India, who will distribute them among the natives. L. A. N. asks where a box of reading matter may be sent. The Westmount Sunshine Society, Victoria Hall, Westmount, Que., gladly receives literature for distribution where it will be appreciated.

ANOTHER GIFT.

R. McCoy, also kindly sends a remittance to cover the cost of sending the 'Messenger' to India. We think of sending it to Miss Dunhill, as above.

A Secretary's Alphabet.

Miss Martha E. Race, when secretary of the Florida Christian Endeavor Union, conducted the conference of district secretaries at Washington Convention. She prepared a fine printed programme, carefully systematized, and on the back of this programme was this alphabet of adjectives describing the qualities of a model secretary. He should be,—

Accurate,
Businesslike,
Conscientious,
Determined,
Ernegetic,
Fair-minded,
Gracious,
Helpful,
Intense,
Just,
Kindly,
Lenient,
Modest,
Never-failing,
Open-hearted,
Persistent,
Quiet,
Resourceful,
Systematic,
Tactful,
Unbiased,
Vigorous,
Willing,
Xcellent,
Youthful,
Zealous.

—'Christian Endeavor Paper.'

That Christian nations should make saloons toll-gates for revenue, and sanction crime-breeding to coin money for current expenses, is unspeakably sad.—Albert C. Lawson, D.D.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'What Time I am Afraid.'

A TRUE STORY.

(By Sarah L. Tenney, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A group of merry girls stood laughing and chattering on the depot platform at Myrtlewood Junction. It was a lovely June morning, and a cool, brisk breeze sent an unwonted glow to their cheeks, and a corresponding exhilaration to their youthful spirits. In true, school-girl fashion, they were all trying to talk at once, their remarks being addressed mainly to a slight, fair-haired girl, who seemed to be the centre of attraction as she was the centre of the group. Her travelling attire and the large Saratoga trunk at her side gave evidence that she was about to set forth on a journey, and the girls, her companions, had evidently come to the station to see her off.

'Oh, Hester,' exclaimed the one nearest to her, 'how I do envy you!' and her longing looks emphasized her words. 'It has been the dream of my life to see New York City.'

'Courage, Julia,' replied Hester. 'It is the unexpected that happens, you know, so you may yet have your heart's desire when least you look for it.'

Hester Olney boarded the train amid a chorus of good-byes, and as long as the girls were visible she waved her farewell from the car window in response to theirs. But presently a sharp curve in the road hid them from sight, and for a moment a tinge of homesickness came over her, and a few, yes, a very few tears stole furtively down her cheek as she leaned her head against the side of the car. It was so hard leaving the girls.

But not long did Hester give way to this feeling of depression. She was naturally of a very buoyant disposition, and this long anticipated journey was really a great delight to her, and it was no small part of the pleasure that she had been entrusted to take it alone. When the invitation had first come to Hester from her married sister in New Jersey to come and spend the summer vacation at her delightful cottage in Atlantic City, Mr. Olney had fully intended accompanying his young daughter as far as New York. But at the last moment business cares made it imperative he should remain at home, and, rather than disappoint Hester, he had decided to let her go by herself, having first telegraphed to his son-in-law when she would start from home, and receiving an answering telegram that her sister's husband would meet her in New York. There would be no change of cars until she reached the latter place, so it seemed there would be no risk whatever in sending her alone, although she was but fourteen years of age.

During the first hours of the journey there was much to occupy Hester's attention in the unfamiliar and beautiful scenery all about her, and in the constant change of passengers at the different stations. Noontime came almost before she was aware, and, after partaking of the dainty lunch prepared by her mother's loving hands, she drew a book from her hand-bag and was soon absorbed in its contents. The train was express nearly all the last half of the way, and its ceaseless, monotonous whirr, combined with an over-tired head from the constant watching of the morning, induced a feeling of drowsiness in Hester, which culminated in a nap. How long she slept she knew not, but she was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the train to find herself at the Grand Central Depot in New York city. As the hundreds of passengers emerged from the train, Hester followed the crowd, and gazed anxiously about her if anywhere she might catch a glimpse of her brother-in-law. But failing to find him in the vast throng, she took her way to the ladies' room, according to instructions, there to await his coming. The immense depot was filled with the countless multitude of summer tourists going in every direction, and Hester saw much to interest her in the novel scenes about her.

She had noticed by the big clock in the station that it was just five o'clock as she entered the waiting-room, so she knew her train had come in very nearly on time—a rather unusual circumstance, she had been told—so she was quite prepared not to have her brother-in-law meet her promptly. But when the hands pointed to 'six' o'clock, she was surprised beyond measure. A whole hour had passed almost before she knew it, and yet her brother-in-law had not come. Where could he be? Not as yet gravely anxious, inasmuch as she had been forewarned of his possible tardiness, she yet felt a vague uneasiness and wished with all her heart he would come. Eagerly scanning the ever-changing crowd, feeling that each succeeding moment must bring him, another hour passed by more slowly than the first, until the clock struck seven. Hester was now thoroughly alarmed. The ever-moving throng was thinning perceptibly, and she was very weary with the long journey, and the strain of constant watching. Would her brother-in-law never come! Eight o'clock! Hester's heart beat fast and hard, and the tears began to fall. It looked as though she might have to pass the night in that great, dreary place. But Hester was a brave girl despite her youthful years, and she strove hard to keep her fears in check. Moreover, she was a child of the King, and the tiny silver cross she wore showed she belonged to the order known as 'The King's Daughters.' Straightway the Father sent a swift-winged messenger to comfort his troubled child.

'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee,' whispered the angel visitant. Hester's face lighted up with a smile as the familiar text floated through her mind. Already she was strengthened. Lifting her eyes toward the door she beheld a tall, broad-shouldered policeman pacing to and fro, and every time he came in her direction she observed he regarded her intently. He had a kindly face, and instinctively Hester felt confidence in him. She resolved to seek his advice if still her brother failed to come.

STOP!

Some one else was watching Hester. An elegantly but somewhat showily dressed lady had entered the waiting-room some time before, and for a long while all unknown to Hester, had been silently observing her anxiety and distress. When the lady saw her wiping away the tears that would come in spite of her efforts to be brave, she crossed over to Hester and asked softly, 'Are you in any trouble, my child? Can I help you?'

Completely won by the gentle, sympathizing tone, and inexpressibly relieved, Hester explained the situation. The lady was full of pity and insisted that Hester should accompany her to her own home for the night, assuring her that they could look up her brother in the morning. The young girl gratefully accepted the offer and had already left the waiting-room in company with her new-found friend when a stern voice suddenly bade them 'Stop!' Turning in amazement to the speaker, Hester beheld

the big blue-coated policeman who had so inspired her confidence. Turning to her companion, the officer demanded of her, in a harsh voice: 'Where are you going with this young girl?' The woman muttered some unintelligible reply and tried to slip away, but the officer detained her with his hand on her arm. 'Young lady, are you acquainted with this woman?' he asked of Hester.

Pale and frightened, not knowing what it all could mean, Hester replied in a trembling voice that she had just met her for the first time.

'Madam,' said the officer in his sternest tones, 'you have long been under suspicion; now I have actual proof of your guilt. Henceforth my eye is upon you. Beware!' The woman cowered and shrank away.

'She is one of the worst women in the city,' said the policeman, turning again to Hester. 'Had you gone with her no knowing when you would have seen your friends again. Doubtless she would have robbed you of all your effects, and turned you adrift in the streets. How does it happen, young woman,' he asked with increasing severity, 'that you find yourself all alone at this late hour (it was now past nine o'clock) in this great city?' Again Hester, with tearful agitation, explained the facts in the case, and the officer's manner softened at once.

'Ah, that puts a different face on the matter, my child,' he said in his kindliest tone. 'Evidently your brother has been detained in some unforeseen way, and is doubtless quite as worried as you are. It is out of the question for you to stay here all night, as it is very uncertain whether he comes before morning. I shall be on duty here until eight o'clock to-morrow, and should he come before then I will explain the case to him and relieve his anxiety. Meanwhile we will see what can be done for you. Jim!' he called to a rough-looking man crossing the platform a little in advance of him with a lantern in his hand.

'What is it?' said the man, turning back to the officer.

'I wish you would take this young girl to your home to-night. Her friends have failed to meet her, and she is a perfect stranger in the city.'

'All right!' replied Jim, 'my wife will take excellent care of her.'

'Have no fear, my child,' said the officer, turning to Hester, 'this man is perfectly reliable, and his wife is a fine woman. I have known them both for years.'

Yet it was with inward misgiving that Hester followed her guide through the long, unfamiliar streets. She had been terribly deceived once, why not again! Besides, what did she really know about the officer or 'Jim!' They were all strangers in a strange land. But the King's messenger kept close at her side with his whispered word of cheer:

'I will trust and not be afraid.'

Presently they came to what seemed to Hester an interminable row of brick houses in a long, narrow street. Up the steps of one of these the man ran hastily, and opening the door ushered in his companion. It was a pleasant home scene that greeted Hester's eyes. In the centre of the room stood a table neatly spread with an appetizing meal, whose savory odor would have filled Hester with delight but for the fear tugging at her heart. The brakeman's wife greeted her cordially, and helping her to remove her outside garments invited her to set herself at the table, explaining that her husband's hours for work were such that his evening meal was a very late one. They drew around the table, and in the moment's hush that followed, the brakeman bowed his head and reverently asked God's blessing. Instantly every doubt and fear of Hester's vanished. Here was another child of the King, and no real harm could befall her!

She ate heartily after her long fast, and her sleep that night was sweet and undisturbed. In the morning, after a substantial breakfast, she took leave of her kind friends with many thanks, the brakeman accompanying her to the station.

On entering its doors almost the first person she saw was her brother standing by the side of her blue coated friend of the evening before, anxiously awaiting her arrival. He had been there but a few minutes, and his anxiety had fully equalled that of his young sister during his enforced delay. It seems his train from the Jersey side had been detained by an open draw in which a passing vessel had become so firmly wedged it was impossible to extricate her for hours. Hester explained to her brother the kindness of the brakeman and his wife, and the former tried to press upon the warm-hearted brakeman some pecuniary compensation. But the latter persistently refused. Not long after, however, a box of useful and even luxurious gifts found its way to the little home in the narrow street, and a present of value to the faithful policeman.

Years have passed since this incident, Hester is now married, and the mother of a charming family. Prominent among the many decorations of her beautiful home, and dearer to her than all the rest, hangs a plain, simple motto framed in white and gold. As it has been the watchword of her life ever since that evening of anxiety and terror, so she desires it shall be to her children the talisman of their youth and age. And these are the words of the motto: 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.'

Suppose the Little Cowslip

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its golden cup,
And say, 'I'm such a tiny flower,
  I'd better not grow up!'
How many a weary traveller
  Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a child would grieve
  To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
  Upon the grass should say,
'What can a little dewdrop do?
  I'd better roll away!'
The blade on which it rested,
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
  Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
  A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength,
  And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit
  Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
  For others, by its love.

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Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER XII.—'SHE LISTENED, WITH A FLITTING BLUSH!'—Coleridge.

All the papers published it. Everybody was talking about it, everybody, that is, who directly or indirectly felt interested in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company,' and the Rev. Octavius Adair was almost stunned by the wholly unexpected intelligence received from the broker to whom he had confided his desire to get rid of his shares, that so far from their being salable, above par, they had fallen woefully below, and were a glut in the market. The people who had become excited at the time of the great brewery boom, who had scrambled for shares with the eagerness and greediness of children, who had pushed one another aside in their determination to be first, had now a very uncomfortable feeling that they had been, as they called it, 'sold;' that the concern was never as valuable as they had supposed; that its management had been execrable; that the old brewer who had just died, the former head of the firm, had got out of it for his own sake, and not by any means for the sake of the public, and that it was only he and his immediate family who had permanently profited by the change of the brewery from a private family concern to a public company.

Some of the church and chapel-going people who had been tempted by the twenty percent bait to stifle their consciences, and do a thing which they could not actually approve of in this teetotally enlightened age, now regained their religious tone of mind and conversation, and piously reflected that this was exactly what might have been expected from a business of so doubtful a character. And, wherever possible, they kept their own counsel concerning the little episode of personal history connected with the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.'

Before the fleeting and fictitious value of his shares became known to the Rev. Albert Lawrence, he had decided as to what it was his duty to do. He could not sell them, he could not authorize their sale, he could not accept any interest from them. He was so genuinely near heaven in his character, that he had undergone an amount of suffering connected with this transaction in his life, which many Christians would have regained as wholly disproportioned to his offence. Yet he came up out of his illness, blessing his God for the rod of affliction, and thankful that at last the path of duty was made plain. He wrote a short, manly letter to the Secretary of the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company,' to make known his position, in the following terms:—

'Sir,—I am a Methodist minister. In an evil moment, I yielded to the temptation to grow rich at the expense of my honest convictions; for I am a teetotaller, as well as a Christian professor. My repentance for my sin is, I believe genuine, and it prevents my having anything more to do with the shares which I purchased in your company. I therefore return all papers connected with them, and refuse to receive any interest that may accrue in respect to said shares.

'Yours truly,

'ALBERT LAWRENCE.'

There was some correspondence naturally between the secretary and the minister, but the latter remained unswerving in the re-

solve, and the secretary regarded him henceforth as a foolish visionary.

John Aylmer had returned from his grandfather's funeral with a light heart; he had 'come off more than conqueror' in a fierce battle during his absence, and the joy of victory was in his soul. He had looked to the Captain of his salvation for power to overcome the foe, and it had been given to him. After the pleasant little visit he paid to the Lawrences immediately after his arrival, with his well chosen offerings for the invalid minister, he was so busy with arrears of work at the bank that two or three evenings were wholly taken up, and he was obliged to postpone that interesting talk with Muriel to which he had alluded in his letter during his absence, and which she therefore naturally expected. But Muriel herself was so busy with the various duties in her life that she had not time to be exacting in regard to others, and if she felt just a little disappointed that John Aylmer had not yet told her of his experiences while absent, she yet waited in good hope he would keep his promise.

Though there were so many children in the Lawrence household, yet they never forgot each other's birthdays; little occasions for the exhibition of special love to one another Mr. Lawrence always declared he believed were of extreme value in family life, and furnished blessed memories in the future. It was very rarely indeed that any besides themselves took part in these interchanges of gifts, but those who, like John Aylmer, had been acquainted with the family for months, even years, naturally heard about them occasionally. Muriel's birthday was on the same day as that of her father, and they always playfully declared they were each other's birthday gifts, so Mr. Lawrence would each year, amidst much mirth on the part of the other children, bestow himself as a father on Muriel, while she laughingly gave herself anew to him as his daughter. The rule of all birthday festivities was that they should be confined to immediate relatives, and it was a very rare thing indeed for any outsider to be invited. As the day drew near for Muriel to attain her nineteenth birthday, however, Mr. Lawrence appeared inclined to relax a point.

But Mrs. Lawrence demurred. It was for that very reason which her husband had suggested, that her womanly delicacy prevented her acceding to the proposal.

'Perhaps, dear, it will be wiser not to,' she said, with a very natural sigh. They were quite quiet for a few minutes, and then Mr. Lawrence rejoined:

'You know best on these matters, my love;' and so the subject dropped.

But immediately after breakfast, and before bank hours, on the Tuesday morning, which was as lovely and golden an autumn morning as could be wished for this dual birthday, John Aylmer, with a very beaming face, made his appearance at Mr. Lawrence's and requested to see Miss Lawrence. He was asked into the small drawing-room, precisely as he had wished and expected to be, by the servant, because the parlor was not yet put straight and into company trim; and Muriel presently appeared in a light, neatly fitting, but perfectly plain morning dress, and a business-looking apron, the very beau-ideal, as the young man thought, of a well-trained industrious woman, able to make and keep home beautiful as sister, daughter, wife. At her throat, fastened by a simple silver brooch, was a beautiful rosebud; pure and sweet as the fair wearer.

'Many happy returns of the day, Muriel,' said John Aylmer, springing up to meet her, and taking both her hands in his, 'can you spare me half-an-hour on this busy day, for I have much to say to you?'

'I am busy,' she said, smiling; 'but I shall be very glad to listen to you.'

John Aylmer sat down beside her on the little couch. 'Muriel,' he said, gravely, 'I had a great temptation while I was away from you, and I almost fell.'

She looked anxiously into his face. 'Because of my wishes and hopes regarding you, Muriel, I almost fell, but the thought of you yourself, by God's grace, was instrumental in preventing me from falling. My grandfather was a brewer.'

'Oh!' she said, with so much disappointment in that brief interjection, that John Aylmer started.

'And he left me five thousand pounds in his will.'

'Five thousand pounds!' It seemed like a veritable El Dorado to this simple girl, who had had so much to do with pennies and the minute silver coins of the realm in her own business transactions. But when she recovered a little from the painful surprise of it, and the distance it seemed to place between her old friend and herself, she said with the true instinct of an honest, Christ-enlightened heart, 'but you couldn't accept it, Mr. Aylmer?'

John Aylmer was delighted. Muriel understood him. He felt a very strong wish that he could clasp her in his arms at once, and kiss her and bless her for those brave words. 'No, Muriel, I couldn't accept it, you are right.'

'Oh!' said Muriel, 'that is splendid. I like you so much better than if you had had that fortune.'

'Muriel,' he said, almost interrupting the utterance of that welcome verdict on his conduct, 'listen to me. If I could have believed it right to take that money, or rather if I had had five thousand pounds left me that I could regard as money rightly come by, I should have asked you to become my wife at once, because I could have offered you a home, and there can be no place worth calling home to me unless you are in it. But as it is, if I ask you to let me hope for that joy in the future, I must also ask you to be willing to wait two or three years at least. My income is good, but I have expenses to meet on account of my father, ruined in mind through long-past indulgence in drink. I have thought so much about you, Muriel, during my fierce struggle with this temptation. I have been so helped by the assurance that you would wish me to place principle above policy in every action of my life, that I determined when I came out from the conflict into the sunshine of God's smile, with a conscience at peace, to come and tell you all, and to ask you if you were willing to make me very happy by giving me yourself, and telling me our future shall be one.'

'I feel as if I was too young and too ignorant to be of use to you as you think I should be,' said Muriel, presently, hiding her sweet face from her lover by a very persistent study of the pattern on the drawing-room carpet; 'besides,' she added, with tender playfulness, 'I give myself to papa today as his birthday gift; so how can I give myself to you?'

'I will soon settle that, darling,' said John Aylmer, as he raised the sweet blushing face of Muriel, and imprinted his first kiss upon her coral lips; 'you shall give me to your father as a new son. Oh! Muriel, you have crowned my life. Keep your trust; always help me to decide for God and for truth.'

'And you will help me,' she said, timidly 'it is often so very difficult to do aright.'

They sat for a little while, holding each other's hands in a firm grasp, in a silence that was prayer, and then the remembrance of present duty came to them both, and they rose as if simultaneously. John Aylmer drew a very small parcel from his pocket and put it into Muriel's hands.

'This is my birthday gift, Muriel,' he said, smiling; 'does it fit?'

Muriel with trembling fingers opened the papers that surrounded a little box, and in the box was a pretty ring; not the costly article he would have laid as his first gift on the shrine of his love, had his fortune been five thousand pounds; but to Muriel it was perfectly lovely, and exactly to her taste. She had never yet possessed a ring, save of the beads her little sisters sometimes strung for her, and insisted on placing on her fingers; and tears came into her eyes as John Aylmer himself placed the golden circlet with its row of small pearls in its proper position, and then said, 'Now, Muriel, let us see your dear father and mother, for I must be off to my work.'

The parlor was empty of all save Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and little Bertie when they entered it, and Bertie was soon delighted to go to the nursery with a packet of sweets John Aylmer had thoughtfully brought for the children.

'Papa,' said Muriel, as she and John Aylmer advanced to his easy chair; but Muriel could not get any further, and it was John Aylmer who spoke.

'Muriel is kind enough to be willing to ask you to take me for her birthday gift to you, Mr. Lawrence,' he began playfully, and then his tone grew very grave. He touched more lightly to Muriel's parents than he had to Muriel herself on the temptation that had recently befallen them, lest he should seem to reproach ever so slightly the conduct of Mr. Lawrence in regard to the brewery shares; but it was this part of his conversation that naturally awakened very much interest in the mind of the minister.

'Thank God, John Aylmer,' he said, 'that nothing has caused you to swerve in the path of moral rectitude, that you have been made willing to walk in the strait and narrow path, "that leadeth unto life." I rejoice to know that my Muriel here—our Muriel henceforth—has seemed to you like a star upon that way.'

(The End.)

This Little Life.

Only this little life have I, so brief;
A vapor vanishing, a fading leaf;
A flower, passing with the dews of morn;
A bubble on the ocean's bosom borne

Only this little life, so brief, so poor,
And such o'erwhelming issues to assure;
So much has run to waste, so late set free
From sin and Satan's dark supremacy.

Only this little life; yet, Lord, 'tis Thine,
Bought with Thy blood, kept by Thy power Divine.
The noontide past, the evening shadows fall;
So little left, when I would give Thee all.

Only this little life, wherein to prove
Myself Thine own in service and in love.
The moments slip away like golden sands;
I mourn them not; my times are in Thy hands.

This little life will be enough for Thee
To perfect all Thy will concerning me;
Enough for me, I haste not nor delay;
Kept safe in Thee, I wait Thy coming day.

—Annetta Barr.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

'Children of Light.'

(By Ella Beecher-Gibtings, in 'Union Signal.')

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.'

It was a hot July day and the door beside the pulpit of the little country church stood wide open and faced the congregation, revealing to them a peaceful landscape of undulating plain, rimmed at the distant horizon with mountains of hazy blue.

At the suggestion of the text, Florence Murton lifted up her eyes, but before reaching the hills they rested upon a rough pine bulletin board bearing in huge, gaudy letters the admonition: 'Chew Battle-Axe Plug!'

With a shiver of disgust she dropped her eyes again to her open Bible, but could not readily recall her mind to the beautiful psalm. The chill of disgust was followed by a fever of indignation at the vandalism of the ubiquitous advertiser of nauseating merchandise. It was bad enough to encounter such signs in the streets and alleys of money-getting cities, but to have these restful rural solitudes disturbed by them was unbearable. Only the day before in a picnic excursion they had crossed an exquisite mountain stream in the midst of such scenery as hushes every trivial sound and rebukes each sordid thought, and lo! the sides of the bridge were fairly covered with advice to 'Use Wizard Oil,' 'Smoke Durham Tobacco,' 'Drink Anheuser-Busch Beer,' and so on through the whole exasperating list. Farm buildings were hideous with the black and yellow paint of these advertising fiends, and even the rocks in the mountain fastnesses were defaced by them. And now as if that were not enough, the peace of her Sunday worship must be broken by that hideous bulletin. Surely something ought to be done about it. Somebody was to blame. But 'somebody' was intangible, elusive. Supposing she should try to-morrow to find out who was responsible for this particular signboard, and by what legal process, if any, it could be removed—people would only laugh at her and she would have her labor for her pains. Nevertheless, she tingled to her very finger ends with the desire to do something about it.

'Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good.'

It was the minister's text and Florence pulled herself sharply together and tried to listen to the sermon. But the thought of 'Battle-Axe Plug' persisted, and with it a queer consciousness that she was the illustration of the first part of the text, and was being 'overcome with evil.' She felt sure that on each succeeding Sabbath she should see nothing from the open church door but that disconcerting sign. She was still thinking of it as she walked to her boarding place, along the quiet country road, so intently, indeed, that she scarcely saw Rex Bancroft approaching from the crossroad. She started visibly at the sound of his voice as he said pleasantly:

'Good-morning, Miss Murton, and a "penny for your thoughts." Since our paths meet, may I walk with you while you tell the object of your "brown study?"'

She could not well refuse, notwithstanding that she remembered the injunction of her motherly hostess: 'I would not have much to do with that Bancroft boy—not that I know anything so very bad of him, but he's sort of reckless and scoffing and don't always keep the best of company, and he smokes cigarettes to beat anything.'

There was an odor of tobacco about him now, and had she not been so absorbed, she would have seen him throw away his cigarette as he touched his hat to her. She put as wide a space between them as courtesy would allow, but the fumes were strong enough to give a hint of asperity to her tone as she answered:

'I am just returning from church, where the service has been spoiled for me by the rapacity of the tobacco trade.'

Rex noted with a sidelong glance that her delicate nostrils were dilated, as if to indicate her consciousness of the taint in her present atmosphere, and he wondered if the whiff of his cigarette was really strong enough to counteract Parson Bromley's sermon. He was just nettled enough to wish to force her to plainer speech.

'I was never good at guessing riddles, Miss Murton. I'm afraid you will have to explain.'

She told him of the disturbing sign and her burning desire to do something about it. Rex was relieved. He hated to think that so well-bred a girl as Miss Murton seemed, could be guilty of a personal thrust.

'Yes,' he assented nonchalantly, 'I often think that "the children of darkness are wiser for their generation than the children of light."'

The unexpected reply flashed three thoughts into Florence's mind. He had noticed and thought about the signs. He quoted Scripture. He hinted a possible remedy. Surely he was not so light headed as her landlady made him out to be.

'You mean——?' she queried.

'Why, you see the tobacco trade, the patent medicine industry, the circus management and all the rest of them are in dead earnest. They want the public patronage and they advertise. You could not help knowing about them if you would. Take the tobacco business, for instance. Its advocates say, Chew! Chew! Smoke! Smoke! They make out as good a case for it as they can, and placard it everywhere. Its opponents form societies and hold meetings, attended mostly by people who agree with them already, and sometimes in a gingerly, apologetic way admonish the victims themselves; but they don't come out squarely and advertize their ideas so as to compel attention. Bulletin boards, bridges and fences are as free to one side as the other, I suppose. You see that black-roofed barn over there with the familiar yellow legend, "Use Wizard Oil?" The owner didn't care a rap for looks, and he accepted the offer of free paint for his barn. He would have let a Scripture text go on just as readily.'

'But it costs a good deal to paint barns and—'

'That's just the point. There's where the children of darkness" have the drop on the "children of light." They've got the cash and it's a matter of personal interest to them—but here we are at your gate and I smell the chicken frying for dinner. Don't fret over what you cannot help—it makes premature wrinkles. Good morning,' and with a half mocking smile, but courteous bow, Rex passed on.

'It's a matter of personal interest to them.'

All that Sunday afternoon as Florence lay in the hammock under the pines, these words repeated themselves to her. Was that the secret of Christ's unique life? Philanthropy—or, to speak more moderately, altruism—was not a side issue, but a business, 'a matter of personal interest,' and he counted not the cost! Charles Rex Bancroft would never guess what a sermon in a nutshell he had preached that morning.

'My tithing money is all spent this month,' she reflected, 'but I suppose if I made it a matter of personal interest, I should be quite willing to use what is left of my allowance. It would not paint a barn, perhaps, but I wonder if it would put up a bulletin board—big enough to hide "Battle-Axe Plug" from the church door at least. I wonder if Mr. Bancroft could tell me. I want to do it quietly and not talk about it much beforehand.'

The next morning Rex Bancroft smiled and whistled over this note:

'Dear Mr. Bancroft,—I've thought over what you said yesterday, about the "children of light," and I've decided to hide that ugly sign in front of the church door. I believe you can help me if you will. If not too much trouble, will you drop in on your way from town this afternoon and let me ask you some questions?

'Pardon this liberty from an almost stranger, but it is "Pro bono publico," which ought to excuse it.

'Very truly yours,

'FLORENCE MURTON.'

The consultation with Rex Bancroft was followed by a visit to the trustees of the church; then a carpenter was hunted up, and more conferences were held, and all the week mysterious work went on in Florence's room, and sometimes her fingers betrayed blotches of paint when she came hurriedly to her meals. At length on Saturday night, the carpenter, Rex Bancroft, Florence and her landlady, who had been let into the secret, spent a busy hour in the church yard, and by moonlight set up the screen which astonished the worshippers on the morrow. It pleased as well as astonished. Standing a few feet from the door, just near enough to effectually hide the obnoxious signs by the roadway, yet so distant as not to shut out the hilly landscape beyond, it was indeed a thing of beauty. A large square of white canvas stretched upon a frame, whose standard was hidden by twining evergreen vines, bore in artistic lettering done in softest shades of green:

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.'

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.'

The same delicate vine bordered the canvas and trailed over a mound of stones in which the screen was set. On the reverse side the passers-by read:

'The Lord is good to all and his tender mercies are over all his works.'

'The fear of the Lord prolongeth days, but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.'

Once entered upon this work, Florence scarcely knew where to stop. She bought illuminated texts and had them placarded all about the country, side by side with the obnoxious tobacco and patent medicine signs, so that the same eyes which read, 'Buy Your California Wines at ——,' read also, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

'Use Root Beer for that "Tired Feeling,"' was accompanied by 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

Nor did she stop with illustrated texts. She went to the still greater expense of having substantial tin plates lettered with statistics, from schools, colleges, etc., setting forth the devastating work of the to-

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

How Dan Came Home

(By Liberty Hayward, in 'Union Signal.')

CHAPTER II.

Except for the sake of the children Margaret now would have given way utterly to despair. But the children—she must live and do for them. And because the children must not know what nor where their father was, she sold the little house they owned, paid the lawyer and the doctor, and moved into a town a hundred miles away, where her name and her history were unknown.

She wrote often to Dan. Brave and hopeful letters she tried to make them, but there was little in her life except hardship and struggle, and of these she would not speak.

It was of the children she wrote most. How little Dan had never forgotten him, but talked every day about 'papa' and knew and kissed his picture when he saw it in the album; how Daisy was learning to sing, for she was going to Sunday-school now, in proof of which she had sent to 'papa' a soiled little picture card, together with a paper greatly creased and folded; and how the same little, loving heart, when she said her prayers at night, never forgot to add, 'please, God, bless papa, and I hope he'll get well pretty soon.' For it had been told the children when it first happened that 'poor papa was so sick.'

One Christmas, it was his fourth in prison, the children's pictures came. Dan looked at them with eyes that were misty. Both had been babies when he saw them last; and here the pictures showed the little school girl with book and slate, and a curly headed little fellow in trousers.

'Danny grows cuter and prettier every day,' wrote Margaret, 'more and more like you. And he has never forgotten you, but seems always watching and waiting for you to come home.'

'Waiting, watching for you to come home.' Dan's heart ached with longing as he read. Then before another week had gone there came another letter, the saddest he had ever received, that shocked him with the message that little Danny's place in the home was empty. The little loving heart that had never forgotten had been gathered to another home, at whose beautiful gate it still watched and waited.

Dan dreaded the home letters after this; they were so filled with loneliness and heartache. Yet in one there came a thought, a little childish idea of Daisy's that lingered comfortingly in his mind, recalling a song they had sung in Sunday-school when he was a little boy.

'Daisy watches the stars come out now every night,' wrote Margaret. 'She says it is the angels lighting their lamps up in heaven where Danny's gone. And one bright star, she thinks, is Danny's lamp, that he has lighted to show us the way.'

Dan's term of imprisonment was drawing to a close. His good conduct had shortened it by many months; so that by another March the end would come. Margaret referred constantly to this in her letters.

'Nobody knows you here,' she wrote, 'Nobody knows what happened. You can find work easily, for a good blacksmith is greatly needed, and I have kept all your tools.'

Early in November she wrote telling how she had saved money, so that when his term had expired and he was to be discharged, she could come to meet him at the prison.. 'Then we will go home together, and begin life over again.'

But a dread of going home possessed Dan now; he had lost heart and courage since Danny died. His companionship in the prison was that of men worse than himself; men who had chosen a life of guilt and crime. They knew nothing but sin and misery; they believed the world held nothing else for them. It was easy for them to persuade Dan that all chances of a decent life was over for him.

One day, late in November, he was called to the office, and a paper placed in his hands. To-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day, the superintendent explained, and the Governor had sent a pardon for that one convict whose prison record had been the best. Dan was selected to receive it. He was free. 'You can go home and eat Thanksgiving dinner with your folks,' finished the superintendent.

Almost stunned with the surprise of his unexpected release, Dan laid aside his convict dress, and resumed once more the clothes he had worn outside. There was a society in the city for the care of discharged prisoners, and its agent was waiting for him. He spoke a few hopeful words, and gave him a railway ticket to the town where Margaret lived. 'You'll find your wife there, and a home once more,' he said; 'begin a new life, with God's help.'

But if Dan still cherished any faint purpose to take hold of life afresh, the purpose shrivelled instantly at the words that greeted him as he passed through the prison gates. 'Another jail-bird let loose,' he heard. 'That's it,' thought Dan, bitterly, 'jail-bird.' This was the name with which he had come back into the world, and its shame would cling to him always. No, he would not go back to Margaret. She was respected where she lived; he would not bring upon her and upon his little girl the taint of his disgrace.

It was snowing now, and the wind blew cuttingly. He shivered as he wandered aimlessly through the darkening streets. A stately church stood upon the corner, and Dan paused to look up at it, with a great longing for help in his soul. But no welcoming light shone from its costly windows; its splendid doors stood heavily closed. 'And the door was shut,' remembered Dan. The words came back from an old Sunday-school lessons of long ago, and the lonely man turned away, heartsick, hopeless.

But there are open doors, and presently Dan stood outside of one of them, watching it swing invitingly to let men enter. Light streamed from brilliant windows, upon whose glass he could read in large lettering the invitation, 'Come in.'

How attractive it seemed to the poor, friendless fellow, the warmth, the brightness, the welcome. He heard music, too, and the clinking of glasses. Then, as if to tempt him irresistibly, mingling with the air he breathed, came the fumes and fragrance of liquor. He drew it in hungrily. He had not tasted it since that night, so long ago. He had believed his thirst for it had gone with the long abstinence of his prison life; but now, with the very breath of it, the craving was upon him with overwhelming force. He grew weak and dizzy.

'What's the use of holding out,' he muttered. 'It's the only door that's open to me now.' But he had no money, and he dragged himself away, and down the street again. Another saloon; another still. Eleven such places he passed in three blocks. His thirst grew desperate.

He remembered, all at once, the ticket in his pocket. That would bring surely the price of a drink—of many drinks. He would offer it at the next place he came to.

The 'next place' was over the way, and as Dan saw again bright windows and caught the sound of music, he plunged across the street. But what place is this upon which he has chanced? 'Everybody welcome,' he reads upon the shining glass; but its music is of a different sort. It is a hymn he hears, and its words startle him with their strange fitness. 'I'll enter the open door,' the people are singing. Dan listens; a pause comes and then another stanza.

Dan slipped in during the singing, and dropped into a back seat. The minister was speaking now, telling simply and earnestly the old story that all of us know, of that wilful son, who, journeying far from his Father's house, had wasted his life and his living. Tenderly he drew the picture of that sorrowful home; of the loving heart that waited there, longing always for the home-coming of the wanderer. They would sing part of the story he said.

Dan had thrust Margaret resolutely out of his thoughts, but in the pleading of the hymn, it seemed to him he heard her voice.

'Come home, O come home
From the sorrow and shame,
From the sin and the blame,
Come home, for we watch and we wait.'

And while his heart thrills at the thought, once again, and by many voices the invitation is repeated as the choir sings, 'Are You Coming Home To-Night?'

The hush that follows the song is broken by the sound of the minister's voice as he continues the story. It is of the wanderer's repentance now that he speaks, and of his resolution to seek again the home he has forsaken.

The message falls unheeded upon Dan's ear. Throbbing in his heart are the unforgotten words of one of Margaret's letters: 'Every night before Daisy goes to sleep we kneel down together, she and I, to pray that God will bless and keep and bring back to us her dear father and my dear husband.'

As the picture comes before him, of wife and child kneeling and together praying for his home-coming, his soul fills with a sick longing to see them once again. Suppose he should go back, what has he to bring them? Only this—shame, disgrace, miserable weakness. Why, one-half hour ago he had been ready to pawn his ticket for liquor. And Margaret could not trust him. How could she? Had he not broken, over and over again, every promise he had ever made to her? But, oh, if he could only get rid of it all—the wretched past with its sin, its weakness, its utter failure! If only somewhere he might grasp a strength that would keep and hold his poor life in righteousness!

Hark! a voice of sympathy and tender pity answers the cry of his heart. The choir sings, 'Calling now for Thee.' The strain dies solemnly, a hush falls upon the place and Ben sits with bowed head. Then through the prayer-room, touching and silencing the doubts of his tired heart, there floats again the message of appeal and yearning invitation as the singers chant softly, 'Come, O, come, to Me.'

Tones of appeal were in the minister's voice as his words followed the song. He spoke of the many homes all through the land, where, on this, the eve of Thanksgiving Day, because the absent ones were coming home again, hearts that had ached with loneliness were glad and happy. Then, pleadingly, he spoke of the loving heart of

God that reaches out after every wandering soul, ready with a tender welcome to receive it home again.

Dan knew little about religion. Somehow, it had never seemed a real thing to him—a thing that belonged to the every-day life of every-day people. But now the earnestness of the minister's voice, the certainty that looked out of his eyes, took hold of his very soul. And when the minister gave out an old hymn and asked that during the singing of it those would stand who were ready to take for themselves the forgiveness and the welcome, Dan wavered no longer. 'O Lamb of God, I come,' sang the praying people.

They sang them through—the verses that everybody knows—and others beside Dan had risen, stood for a moment, and sunk back into their seats. An old man, a careworn woman, two or three boys in their teens, and one girl, whose young face showed already the traces of a sinful life.

The minister had left the platform, and was moving about among the people. He stopped beside Dan, just to take his hand in a cordial grasp and to ask him to remain for a little after the meeting. They stood with bowed heads while prayer went up, and then, before they went away, all flung their voices into the thanksgiving of the exultant song, 'Ring the bells of heaven.'

Dan stayed all night at the mission; for the minister, when he had heard his story and learned his homeless, friendless, penniless state, gave him shelter and supper, as well as the cheering words and helpful counsel that he needed. And when Dan woke up Thanksgiving morning, it was with courage and hope in his heart, and a purpose, the strongest and truest he had ever cherished there. He carried a written paper with him when he left the mission. 'I'll take it to my wife,' he told the minister.

It was night when he reached the town where Margaret lived, and as he approached the little house to which he had been directed, he wondered what her Thanksgiving Day had been.

It is late now and Daisy must be sleeping. He remembers, as he stands beside the door, that prayer has just gone up that 'God will bless and keep him and bring him home again.' He knocks, and the door is instantly opened. But Margaret does not see his face. He has stepped back into the shadow, and she sees only an outstretched hand holding out a paper—a letter—to her.

She takes it, wondering. 'It needs an answer,' he says in a voice she fails to recognize. Beside the lamp, within the room, she opens it. What is it she is reading? 'Trusting in God for help and strength, I solemnly promise to forever abstain from all use of intoxicating liquors.' Beneath these words, her husband's name, and below the written questions, 'Can you trust me, Margaret? Will you help me to keep it?'

* * * * * * * *

Thanksgiving Days have come and gone many times since then, but peace and happiness still reign in the little house. The little paper Dan brought home is worn now, and ragged. Its place is in the family Bible—for there is a family Bible, and a family altar; and since Dan's home-coming no day has passed that he has not taken his written pledge in his hands, and, with a prayer to God for strength and help, renewed again the promise that it holds.

In this lies the secret of the victory that has been won. There have been temptation and struggle; discouragement many times; but through it all, the 'trusting in God for help and strength,' the 'simply trusting every day' has kept the life and saved the soul, as it ever will save and help other fallen lives and other tempted souls.

(The End.)

One Day at a Time.

(Helen Hunt Jackson.)

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are assured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

A Fair Share.

A zealous rector in Philadelphia told me that he accepted his call from the vestry of one of our most fashionable churches on the positive condition that for every dollar spent for current church expenses, they would contribute a dollar for work among the poor. And this pledge was kept, and the work done by that church has brought many blessings into the dreary homes of those who find life hard, and has made the Church seem a Bethel.—Dr. Charles Dickey.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

ABOUT THE LETTERS.

Dear Children,—We want to ask you to be very patient about seeing your letters in print. Do you know there are about three hundred waiting for their turn! We think that perhaps it would be better to ask all readers of the 'Messenger' not to write any letters to this page for the next month, otherwise we shall never get all the waiting ones printed. We must also make it a rule to publish no more letters which merely state such dry facts as your age, the number of your family and the number of your pets. Unless a letter is fairly interesting, relating something that makes it a little different from the other letters, we must pass it over in favor of a letter which every subscriber will enjoy reading. Letters must also be neatly written on one side only of the paper and the paper must be clean. Your friend,

EDITOR OF THE CORRESPONDENCE.

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We all enjoy the 'Messenger,' and I think it is our favorite paper. We have four pet rabbits; three are black and white, and one is grey; they are very cute.

HAROLD B.

Arcadie, Yarmouth County, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I saw quite a long list of letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write a short one. I go to school most every day, and am in the fourth royal reader. My school teacher's name is Miss Knowles. I have a brother and a sister, whose names are Harold and Mildred. I like your paper very much. My birthday is on Nov. 3.

HERMAN L. P. (Aged 10.)

Red Lodge, Montana.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. We have 48 hens and 28 head of cattle. My papa is a farmer. For pets I have a dog, named 'Tricks,' and a white pony. I have two brothers and a father and mother. I am eleven years-old. I like the 'Messenger'; I have taken it for about nine months.

JOHN T. H.

Ste. Onge, S. Dak.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sends us the 'Northern Messenger' every year. I enjoy reading it very much. I have three sisters and four brothers. We are going to have a Christmas tree at our school. Our teacher's name is Miss Belding; I like her very much.

L. F.

Belleville.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Belleville, so I thought I would write one. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school, and I like to read the Correspondence. I am in the second book and I am going to try for the third book on Christmas. I have no pets. I had a pair of pigeons and they went away. I am ten years old. JAMES A. C.

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one letter from Prince Albert, and that was from my uncle, Mr. McTaggart. I have three pets, a cow, horse and a cat. I had a dog but he is killed. I have three sisters and no brothers, and I am the eldest in the family. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and take the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken it for about two years.

KATE E. S. (Aged 9.)

Fitch Bay, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country and on a farm. We have eight cows, four yearlings, four calves, six sheep and seven hogs. I go to school every day, and I like my teacher and his name is Vincent Davis. I have one sister, I have no brother.

G. S. B. (Aged 10.)

Aikenside, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I tried to write to you. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I have one sister and two brothers. I am a boy ten years old. I go to school and I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Miss Cuddy. I like her very much. I go to Sunday-school. My birthday is on Oct. 4. WILLIAM A. F.

Kingarf.

Dear Editor,—As I did not see any letters from Kingarf, I thought I would write one. My sister is helping me to write this letter. I have a little dog and a doll. I have three sisters and three brothers, the youngest is four years old. My father is a blacksmith. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger,' and like it very well. I do not live far from the Sunday-school; it is just across

the road. I go to school in summer, but not in winter; it is two miles from our place. I am seven years old.

FLORENCE J.

Burgessville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen no letters from Burgessville, I thought I would write one. I go to school and am in the senior third class. My papa teaches school here. He teaches one room and Miss Dennis teaches the other. We get the 'Northern Messenger.' I have two brothers and one sister. My sister and one of my brothers and I go to school. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Jan. 29. I go to Sunday-school most every Sunday. FLOSSIE H.

Berwick, Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor,—Having seen no letters from Berwick for a considerable time I thought I would attempt to write a short letter. Berwick which is situated in the heart of the Annapolis Valley may properly be called 'The gem of the land of Evangeline.' The Provincial Camp Meeting Association of the Province of Nova Scotia's meetings are held here every year. Berwick has a magnificent climate, and a fertile soil. Potatoes are cultivated and grow in great abundance here.

L. V. M. (Aged 11.)

Windham Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' and I enjoy reading it very much. I go to school and I am in the senior third book. I go to church and Sunday-school. My father is an elder in the church and the superintendent in the Sunday-school. We live on a farm and a big creek runs through it. I have two brothers and two sisters. My brothers enjoy swimming in the creek and when it is frozen we all go skating.

SARAH (Aged 10.)

Dunbogue, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm. I have a little brother; he is three years old, and his name is Hugh. I have three pets: a dog, a pony and a kitten. We have a nice Sunday-school all the year around. Our preacher's name is Mr. Hicks. I go to school. I like my teacher, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Boyes. I am in the second book.

PEARL B. (Aged 9.)

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' at least I think it is. I write to tell you that I think that that shadow puzzle in the 'Witness,' dated Nov. 12, is Lord Roberts. I have two sisters and one brother. We have a dog. We had a cat, but we gave her away; she was a kitten instead of a cat. I am nine years old, my last birthday was on Feb. 23, and I wrote you my first letter to the 'Messenger' after my birthday or before my birthday. I am staying home from school. I had a bad cold, but now it is better. RICHARD T. T.

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have found many a nice letter in the 'Northern Messenger.' My last letter is on the way to you. I like so much to have some thing to have to do. The first time I got the 'Messenger' I did not care for it. But I like it fine now. I have not seen any letters from Calgary. I am very fond of books. JACK H.

Apple Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, seven years old. I was pleased to see my letter in the Correspondence last year. For pets I have a white kitten. My birthday is on March 26. We live one mile from school. I have a little brother and a dear little sister. Papa and mamma like the 'Messenger' well and would be lonesome without it.

E. M. G.

Mountain View, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years, old and I am in the third reader. I have two sisters, Gertrude and Jessie. I have five pets, four rabbits and one cat. We have a horse and buggy; our horse's name is Guy. We all go to school every day; it is a mile and a half. My teacher's name is Miss Chase, and we all like her very much. My sister and I go to Sunday-school. WILLIE S.

Hortonville.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to you before although I have taken your paper for some time, and like it very much. I live on a farm near the mouth of the Gasperean River, and it is a very pretty place. I have two brothers and three sisters. One of my sisters is married and one of my brothers is a minister. We have a Mission Band here which meets every fortnight, and we take a paper in it, called the 'Palm Branch,' It is quite a nice paper. We had a concert and sale just the week before Christmas. My birthday is on Sept. 14, and I was twelve my last birthday. GLADYS B. C.

Balmoral, Man.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. I go to school. I have two miles and a half to go. I am in the second class. I have four sisters and two brothers. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Jan. 24. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have three pets, one is a dog, called 'Collie,' and there are two cats. My father takes the 'Messenger.' He has taken it for over thirty years. I like to read the Correspondence very much. VIOLET J. M.

Rose Hill.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly a year, and I like reading the Correspondence best. I have a mile to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss McMillan. I have three brothers and three sisters. We have three horses; their names are 'Lark,' 'Ben,' and 'Maud.' I live on a farm. I was thirteen years old on Dec. 16. ALLIE S. Mc.

Kingston, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm. I go to school. I am in the third book, and I am nine years old. My birthday is on Dec. 3. I like to read the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school. I have three brothers and five sisters. I have one cat and no dog.

JIMMIE B.

Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like reading it very much. I wonder if any little girl has a birthday the same as mine, July 16. I am eight years old. My papa has taken the Montreal 'Witness' for about twenty years. I am in the second reader at school, and I go to the Methodist church and Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Bennett; her birthday is on Nov. 9; it is on the same day as the King's I live in the city. I have one brother and two sisters; my biggest sister is ten years old and my smaller sister is two years old, and my brother is five years old.

ELSIE D.

St. John, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and one brother. I am six years old. My sister is 12, and her name is Nellie, and my brother's name is Percy. Papa is a minister. I get the 'Messenger' in papa's Sunday-school. My teacher is Miss Lily Green. I love her very much; she tells us the lesson so nicely. I had a dog, named 'Colonel,' but he ran away. The Duke and Duchess were here, and we had a great time. Lots of the girls and boys are sick with their vaccinated arms, but ours are well again.

KATIE A. BEATTY.

P. S.—How do you like my writing.

[You write very well for such a little girl. Ed.]

Jessopville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a little letter to the 'Messenger.' We have taken the 'Messenger' for about eight years and I like it very much. I have no brothers or sisters. I will be eight on March 22. I have a colt and I call it 'George.' I want my cousin, Edward A. to see this letter. I have two kittens and I call them 'Nig' and 'Minto,' and we have lots of fun together. I had a dear little doggie, named 'Trip,' but he got lost and I am very sorry. I used to hitch him up and go for a drive. I have a pet cow and I call it 'Lillie,' and a pet hen, named 'Curley.' I would like if the little person who wrote the letter from Smithville would write again and write the full name, for the initials are the very same as my papa's, 'M. W.'

MAGGIE S. W. (Aged 7.)

Allan's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about seven miles from Perth. I am in the second reader at school. We are going to have an examination and I am going to recite 'The Temperance Boy.'

'Cold water is the drink for me,
I want no wine or brandy.
It's good for all, it's pure and free,
Besides it's always handy.

The drunkard likes a stronger drink
That always brings him sorrow;
It's fun to-day but want and woe
Are sure to come to-morrow.

Then let us drink cold water, boys,
'Twill bring us health and riches,
And we will spend our nights at home
Instead of in the ditches.

I think that is a very good advice.

GILBERT MUNRO (Aged 9.)

Synedoch, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I have five pigeons; I keep their wings clipped. We have a horse, her name is 'Nellie.' I keep a pussy cat. We have three cows and one heifer and eight pigs. I go to Synedoch school. There are two teachers; their names are Miss Erie Roberts and Miss Hagerman. I am in the senior third book. My birthday is on July 6. Synedoch is a small country town; the population is about three hundred. There is a sulphur spring here. There are two members of parliament. There is a school house, a harness shop, Methodist church, an English church, a Presbyterian church, a Foresters' hall, and a Gospel hall. There are two blacksmith shops. We have been reading the 'Northern Messenger' for two years; I like it very much. J. S. C.

Monument Station, York, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, twelve years old, and I have never seen a letter from Monument Station, so thought I would write. I have taken the 'Messenger' for nine months and I like it very much. I live on a farm. I have two sisters and three brothers at home. We have two horses, seven cattle, twelve sheep and a pet dog: its name is Roudy. I never go to school in winter, it is too far, so I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' and I like to knit. I have knit two rugs and quite a lot of stockings. There were fourteen in our family, seven boys and seven girls. I wonder if there is any other little girl who writes to you that has so many sisters and brothers. Five of them are dead, four brothers and one sister; it is two years this month since my last dear brother died; he was twenty-one years old. We missed him very much. My birthday is on Aug. 13. H. M. R.

Macedon, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but I have not seen any letters from here, so thought I would write a letter. Although my father is a Canadian I have never been in Canada to stay. I went across at Niagara Falls, but, of course, I did not see much of it. I have a brother and four cousins in the southern part of California, four miles from the boundary. One of my cousins is picking oranges and lemons. I am afraid if I were he I would be tempted to eat some of the oranges. When he is picking lemons he carries a ring around with him and every thing that will not go through it is pared off. As I was reading the Correspondence in the 'Messenger,' I noticed a letter from Josephine C., North East Point, N. S., who said she had her birthday on Nov. 19, which is the same as mine. I am eleven and wonder how old she is. I would like to correspond with her if she would write first. My address is

SARAH E. WILSON,
Macedon,
Wayne Co.,
New York.

NOTE.

Mrs. John Bates, of Rushview, Ont., has very kindly sent a copy of the poem recently asked for, 'A Library Smoked Away.' It was, however, printed in the 'Messenger' last week.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Use of Water.

The noted physician, Dr. Austin Flint, sr., recommends 'plenty of water, outside and in, for health.' Most authorities agree that the majority of people drink too little water for the needs of the system. Wonderful cures are reported resulting from the regular and persistent use of this beverage. One of these is of a young girl, slender, pale and delicate, with little appetite for food, whose days were heavy and spiritless and whose nights were unrestful, who had exhausted the value of many different patent medicines in her effort to restore her system to a normal condition. Her physician induced her to try pure water as a remedial agent. His directions were to disregard all drugs, to directly after meals drink slowly two glasses of pure cold water, not ice water, and before going to bed consume the same amount. He said that it would be difficult at first to consume the whole quantity, but told the patient to keep at it, for he was sure of the beneficial results. She faithfully complied with his advice, not noticing any material benefit during the first few weeks, but in five or six months a change so marked had been effected that one could hardly recognize the frail girl of the half year previous in the rosy, plump energetic, perfectly well girl who had taken this simple cure.—'Methodist Protestant.'

Washing Carpets,

Any suggestion that will make some part of the house work easier is always welcomed by the busy housekeeper. I will tell how I washed a rag carpet, and you will find the method a very easy and satisfactory one.

Take the carpet from the floor, and beat it thoroughly to remove the dust. Then take the widths apart and wash one at a time. A good washing machine and wringer are great aids in this work. Heat a boilerful of soft water, and add enough pearline to it to make a good, strong suds. Put one width of the carpet into the washing machine, pour the suds over it, and wash until the water is dirty. Pass the carpet through the wringer, wash in a second suds prepared in the same way as the first, then rinse through two clear waters. Each strip of carpet should be treated in the same way. You will be surprised to see how clean and new it looks when the widths are sewed together and put down again. Ingrain carpet can be washed in the same way.—'Christian Work.'

Hot Water as a Remedy.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water, wrung out quickly and applied over the stomach acts like magic in cases of colic.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, quickly wrung out and applied quickly over the seat of pain will in most cases promptly relieve toothache and neuralgia.

A strip of flannel or towel folded several times lengthwise and dipped in hot water, then slightly wrung out and applied about the neck of a child suffering with an acute attack of croup will usually relieve the sufferer in the course of ten minutes if the flannel is kept hot.

Hot water, if taken freely a half hour before bedtime, is one of the best possible cathartics in severe cases of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels.—Washington 'Star.'

The Important Thing.

A young woman whose life was full of lofty ambitions found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable household tasks. As the future seemed to shut down helplessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said to her: 'Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials themselves, but for what they carry. So with your duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves; but the patience or anger, or high thinking, or bitterness which we put in them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing.' A celebrated Frenchman said: 'Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit.'—Silver Cross.

The Boys Wanted.

'I want a young man to go into my office,' said a busy man of affairs to the head of a business high school not long ago, 'and my requirements are very simple. I want an earnest, industrious boy who can spell well, write a good hand, possesses at least a fair knowledge, and who can carry out intelligently the directions that are given to him.'

'Your requirements are hard to meet, replied the teacher. 'Plenty of boys are looking for positions, but few of them like the conditions you impose. They do not think it worth while to learn to spell; we do everything in this school to persuade them of the importance of the accomplishment; but the boys hear of great and successful men who cannot spell, and many of them are led to think they may get along in the world without that accomplishment.

Useful Hints.

If a little camphor is added to the water in which cut flowers are put, the period of their freshness will be considerably extended.

To wash woodwork, straw matting or oil-cloth dissolve a bar of soap in a pint of boiling water, add a tablespoonful of borax and set it aside to cool. Add enough of this soap to a bucket half full of water to make a good suds and wash with a soft flannel cloth; rinse with clear water and wipe quite dry. The borax makes the cleansing easy and preserves the paint or oil-cloth.

A common carelessness, but one which invites sickness, is to allow flowers to stand in vases until the stems and foliage emit an unpleasant and often poisonous odor. The water should be changed every day, and it is a good plan to strip off the foliage below the point of immersion. Be especially careful about flowers in an invalid's room, and see that they are kept in fresh water. Vases should be washed frequently in soap and water.

A girl should be brought up so as to be able to make her own living, whether or not she's going to inherit a fortune. But a woman's place is in the home, though some women do better in business than men. A girl ought to be careful about the man she marries, especially if she has money. She ought not to marry until she is old enough to know what she is doing, anyway—Hetty Green, in the 'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Royal Cream is excellent for chapped hands, and it can be put on any time of day, as it is absorbed almost instantly. Put in a glass jar one pint of rain water and one-quarter ounce gum tragacanth. Let this stand three days; it will form a white jelly substance. Buy one ounce alcohol and two ounces glycerine; have these put in same bottle; also one-quarter ounce rose water. After the gum has stood three days add these last parts. This recipe will cost twenty cents, and makes one and one-half pints.

As to your curtains did you ever consider how simple a matter it is to do them up yourself? They should never be rubbed, but soused up and down in hot soapsuds that has in it a few drops of ammonia; then well rinsed in tepid water; then dipped into some very thinly boiled starch. If you have an attic, pin them out straight and unwrinkled upon the floor, first covering it with several newspapers and an old sheet. If you wish, it is just as well to pin them out upon a carpeted floor, first covering it with a sheet. Each point should be pulled out and pinned. It will not take them long to dry and it is a pretty, rather than a disagreeable, bit of work.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

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'To my mind, and judging from my own experience, no product of the cereal (wheat) can be compared to 'Shredded Wheat.' In a word, I bear willing testimony to its excellence as nutritive, both for those of delicate digestion and those in robust health, and I feel sure a fair trial would convince the most skeptical of its value.

SARAH FRANCES HALL.

SHREDDED WHEAT Sold by all Grocers.

PERSONAL—Velvet Pieces from factory, nice for fancy work. Send ten cents for assortment. NORTHERN IMPORTING CO., Department N., London, Ont.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

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COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

bacco habit on mind, morals and body, and these were tacked on bridges, fences and bulletin boards side by side with the advertisements of choice brands of the deadly weed. The work of posting was quietly done, often at night, and before the summer was over she had gathered about her quite a band of helpers, who, catching the nineteenth century spirit of organization, formed themselves into a club, with the letters 'C.O.L.'—'Children of Light.'

Yet when her trunks were packed in early September and she was preparing for her return to her city home, she questioned, half doubtingly, 'Did it pay? I suppose I ought to trust results entirely to Him, but I should so like to know if one single person was really helped——'

There came a ring at the door. Rex Bancroft had called to bid her good-bye.

'I think,' he said, with a slight tremor in his voice, but a steady light in his eyes, 'that you ought to know before you go, what this C.O.L. business has done for me, so I present you these souvenirs of a pleasant and profitable summer and hope you'll come again next year. Please don't look at them till you get on the cars. Good-bye. Oh! one thing more—I'll probably be in your town sometime this winter and if you don't mind, I'd like to look you up.'

On the cars Florence opened the envelope Rex had given her and drew out two pledges—one the triple pledge against tobacco, alcohol and profane language, the other a C.E. pledge. Both were signed 'Rex Bancroft, "née" Child of Darkness.'

Florence bowed her head upon the seat in front of her to hide the happy tears, while she whispered softly:

'Exceeding, abundantly, above all we ask or think.'

In Old Testament Days.

(By the Author of 'Little Folks' Land.')

There is a book that all may read,
  A wondrous book for young and old,
In which sweet messages are writ
  And simple stories told.

Long years the book a-making was,
  Of ancient things its pages tell—
The joys, the troubles, honors, pain,
  That ancient folks befel.

Far off, in other lands, they lived,
  With sun-browned faces, different speech,
And yet their lives for us to-day
  Familiar lessons teach.

We have the self-same hopes and fears,
  Shed the same tears when sorrows come;
Like them, we pine for absent friends,
  Or for the distant home.

The same temptations beckon us,
  The same rebellious tempers rise,
And the same God who strengthened them,
  Like help to us supplies.

He rules our lives, who guided theirs,
  Our gifts from that same Father flow;
But happier we, because His love
  Through Jesus Christ we know.

They knew Him as the Mighty King,
  In dazzling splendor throned on high,
They did not know the King of Love
  Who laid His glory by.

Oh, if the children then could be
  To His commands and wishes true,
Shall the dear Lord no answer have
  Who calls for me and you?

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Little Doctor.

('Temperance Record.')

'No,' said Mildred St. Clair, to herself, as she drove through pleasant country lanes to the Langdon's garden party.

'I shall not play tennis with Sydney, nor even let him bring me tea. I must only be polite to him, no more.'

Alas, for Sydney! thus to be disciplined. To be shown, without the aid of clumsy words, that years of good comradeship need not end in love, and that, as far as Mildred was concerned, never, never would.

Arrived on the lawn at Sandal Magna, the Vicar's only daughter almost changed her mind. It was hard to resist Sydney's eager greeting, and to see the light fade from his face as he turned to more appreciative guests.

But Mildred soon forgot her troubles as old friends crowded round her. She and her father had only returned a month before from a long tour on the Continent, and many others, besides Sydney, were delighted to welcome her again.

'And have you forgotten me?' said a gay voice suddenly. Mildred turned quickly to find the doctor's daughter smiling at her evident surprise.

'Why, Kitty Robinson, it surely is not you! You look ever so much better. How did you manage it?'

The tall fair girl standing beside dainty Mildred only smiled again, then added brightly:

'The credit isn't mine. The "little doctor" suggested a new treatment, and we give him all the praise.'

'He certainly deserves it, whoever he may be,' said Mildred. 'When we left home—if I may say so—you seemed fated to become a nervous invalid for life. Who is "the little doctor"?'

'Surely you know Arthur Langdon's nickname,' cried Kitty, in surprise. 'Or did he become father's assistant after you left home? He is so good to everybody—the poor people just worship him. I wish his home affairs were not so troublesome. It is nothing but worry all the time.'

'But, surely,' said Mildred, 'Sydney and Arthur Langdon are two most fortunate young men. This lovely estate for their inheritance and heaps of money from the brewery, whilst their father and mother are really quite creditable and nice. Not at all vulgar, in spite of being associated with such a trade.'

'Then you have not heard that "the little doctor" has vowed he will never touch a penny of his father's fortune, because it has been made that way?'

'No, indeed,' said Mildred. 'Is that why he chose to be a doctor and let Sydney go into the firm?'

'Yes, he spent a legacy that came to him from some old uncle on his training, but now he is quite dependent on what he earns as assistant to the dear old dad—not much, you may be sure.'

Kitty laughed gaily. She was used to the thought of slender means.

'Well,' said Mildred, 'what does Mrs. Langdon think of such a strange proceeding?'

'She is terribly annoyed, of course. If it were not for Arthur's tact, he would be entirely severed from his family. But he does his best to keep the peace. There he is now,' added Kitty, 'look, coming down the terrace. He will be delighted to see you. Some people are silly enough to almost cut him now.'

Mildred watched in silence as the little doctor quickly came towards them. Almost unconsciously, she glanced from him to Sydney, playing tennis not far off. Arthur could not compare with him in looks or stature—he was, indeed, a little man—but Mildred recognized his splendid heroism, and received his awkward greeting with a gentle graciousness that Sydney would have given much to gain. They stood together and chatted for a while, and the conversation wandered back to the days the girls called 'ancient,' not quite ten years before.

How gay the remembrance of their youthful frolics made them. Then, suddenly Mildred said, 'I would like to see the old conservatory again—you remember, Arthur, the one you took me through the night before I went to boarding-school. How truly miserable I was! Shall we go now?'

Of course, the 'little doctor' willingly agreed, and as Kitty parted from them and went to find her father, she said delightedly:

'How glad I am I told!'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Mar. 1, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Text and Comments of the Anglo Japanese Treaty—The 'Times,' London.
A Criticism—'The Spectator,' London.
Opinion in Japan—Correspondence of the London 'Times.'
Japan the Wicket-keeper—'The Outlook.'
Dr. Sven Hedin's Asiatic Journey—'Civil and Military Gazette.'
A New Scheme to Avoid Labor Troubles—New York 'Evening Post.'
Great Arbitration Committee—'Bankers' Monthly.'
The School as Opportunity to Teach Good Manners—By 'Milo,' in Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Oxford and Cambridge Universities—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Sports that Brutalize—New York 'Observer.'
Athletics and College Growth—Boston 'Medical and Surgical Journal.'
Steady Growth of Cremation—New York 'Times.'
New National Animals—The 'Spectator,' London.
Marriage Names—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Matrimony—From the London 'Times' of 1892.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Claude of Lorraine—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Memorial to Rembrandt—'Daily News,' London.
The Modern Drama—Birmingham 'Post.'
[illegible]—'The Century Magazine.'
The Late Sidney Cooper, R.A.—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Spontaneous Tribute—Verse by William Watson, in 'Daily News,' London.
The Fisherman's Widow—Poem, by Arthur Symons.
The Sirocco—Poem, in 'Pall Mall Gazette.'
Kirsteen, the Icelander; A Tragedy—By W. J. Courthope in 'The Pilot,' London.
Nature Books—'Public Opinion,' London.
The Divine Immanence—From Dr. Lyman Abbott's 'Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews.'
[illegible]—'Saturday Evening Post.'
[illegible]—'The Speaker,' London.
[illegible]—A Romance of 18th Century Virginia.
[illegible]—'The Hound of the Baskervilles'—'McClure's Fortnightly.'
[illegible]—'Public Opinion,' London.
[illegible]
Forest Neighbors—McClure's 'Fortnightly Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

[illegible] Rays made Visible—Experiments of Professor [illegible]
A New [illegible]—'American [illegible]'
Rivers of [illegible]—'Nature Magazine' [illegible]

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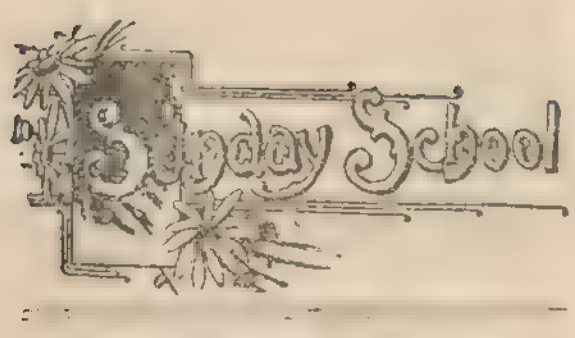

LESSON XII.—MARCH 23, 1902.

Temperance Lesson.

Ephesians v., 11-21. Memory verses 15-18. Read the whole chapter. Learn Dan. i., 8; 1 Cor. iii., 16-17; viii., 13; x., 21-31.

Golden Text.

'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.'—Eph. v., 18.

Daily Readings.

Monday, March 17.—Eph. v., 11-21.
Tuesday, March 18.—Gal. v., 16-26.
Wednesday, March 19.—Eph. iv., 17-32.
Thursday, March 20.—Psa. i.
Friday, March 21.—Col. iii., 8-17.
Saturday, March 22.—Tit. ii.
Sunday, March 23.—1 Pet. iv., 1-11.

Lesson Text.

(11) And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. (12) For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret. (13) But all things that are reproved are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light. (14) Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. (15) See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, (16) Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. (17) Wherefore be not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. (18) And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit; (19) Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; (20) Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; (21) Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.

Suggestions.

Have the scholars prepare beforehand for the temperance lesson. From old 'Messengers' let them clip interesting and instructive items about temperance and the need of prohibition and pledge-signing. Ask them to bring arguments so convincing that if any of the members of the class have not signed the pledge they will see the necessity of doing so then. Be enthusiastic about it yourself, do not lose an opportunity of getting a signature to the pledge. Show your scholars how to write out a pledge for some one else to sign, so that they may not lose the chance of getting some one to sign the pledge simply for the lack of a printed pledge card. In one school where this was done, one of the scholars reported triumphantly that she had written out four or five cards at home and had got friends to sign them who had never signed the pledge before. Go thou and do likewise. Some mother's boy will be saved a lifetime of agony as well as an eternity of sorrow, either directly or indirectly, through every signature you get to the pledge. The boy or girl who signs the pledge in your Sabbath-school class may be in no special danger from the temptations of drink, but some other boy who is in danger will be influenced by the fact of the good boy's having signed the pledge, and indirectly much good will be accomplished. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. It is better to save a child from becoming a drunkard than to spend the same amount of effort trying to reclaim a fallen man.

Mr. John B. Gough, the popular temperance lecturer, who had been intemperate, but afterward reformed, said:—

'If the pledge had been offered me when I was a boy in Sabbath-school I should have been spared those seven dreadful years.'

This whole letter to the Ephesians should be studied, and the different characteristics of Christianity marked and contrasted with the descriptions of ungodliness. For instance, the Christian walks in light, in fellowship with the Lord who is the light of the world (Eph. v., 8; 1 John i., 3, 5-7; Matt. v., 14-16). The ungodly man walks in darkness and delights in it, though on every hand evils too bad to speak or think about flaunt themselves openly in the darkness, but shrink into hiding places at the first approach of light (Eph. v., 11-12; John iii., 19-21; Job xxiv., 12-17). Every unbeliever walks in this darkness though he may not commit the horrible crimes of the vicious and depraved. All who refuse to walk with God in the light must necessarily walk in the darkness of the world, though they may be lighted with the candle of conscience and the flickering glow of philosophy. Whatever is not light is darkness, and whatever is light is some little reflection of the true Light.

We should have no fellowship with the works of darkness, do not walk in a shady path when you might bask in the sunlight of God's love. It is apt to be damp in the shade and there are disease germs there. Death lurks in the darkness, get out into the light. Bad company is darkness that you will do well to get away from at once. Walk in the light with God and have no fellowship with those who will lead you into darkness. What shall it profit a man if he gain the friendship of the whole world and lose his own soul? Another path of darkness is self indulgence, the little yieldings to passion and appetite, the 'little sins,' are the first steps in this twilight path which ends in bitter and absolute darkness. Come out of the shadow of sin into the mellow light of God's love and approval.

Sunlight destroys disease germs, lovelight destroys the power of sin. If there is darkness in your heart, in your home, in your community, turn on the light, show up the evil and it will hide itself for very shame. Be very careful never to do anything yourself that you would not like to have the light shine on. Go nowhere that you cannot carry with you the sunshine of God's approval. If you have to go into a dark place for the sake of bringing some one out of it, be sure that the light of the world is in you to keep you from stumbling into some trap in the darkness. Keep out of saloons and all the enemy's parlors. If God sends you there to bring some one out, ask the Lord Jesus to be your special protection, a shield to keep you from evil, a light to keep you from stumbling.

A man asleep in a burning house is in less danger than a man who pursues the dark paths of self indulgence with his conscience lulled to sleep. The man in the burning house wakens and rises, but unless he has a light to guide him he is likely to fall over the furniture and injure himself and may never be able to leave the burning building. The man who has wandered far from God may be brought to a sudden realization of his sins as the Prodigal Son was, but the knowledge of his danger will not give him light to escape by. Conscience wakens and gives the alarm from the Law, but only the Gospel can show the light and the way of escape in Christ Jesus. Wherefore he saith, awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light (Eph. v., 14; John i., 4-5-9; viii., 12; xii., 35-36-46).

C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 23.—Topic.—'Our own for Christ.'—Psa. lxxxv., 1-13. A meeting in the interest of Home Missions.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HARD WORK.

Mon., March 17.—Riches.—Prov. x., 4.
Tues., March 18.—Power.—Prov. xii., 24.
Wed., March 19.—Honor.—Prov. xxii., 29.
Thu., March 20.—'Not slothful.'—Rom. xii., 11.
Fri., March 21.—'Your own business.'—1 Thess. iv., 11.
Sat. March 22.—Work quietly.—2 Thess. iii., 12.
Sun., March 23.—Topic.—Hard work, and the good of it.—Eccl. ix., 10; xi., 6; Prov. xiii., 4.

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Cigarette Suicide.

Some years ago, when a medical student in New York city, I saw a cruel experiment performed on a cat which had been making the night air hideous with its midnight concerts, and which was considered by one of the students to have outlived its usefulness. It was decided that its life should be sacrificed on the altar of science. It was properly secured, and practically the quantity of tobacco which is necessary to make a cigarette was allowed to soak for a few minutes in several teaspoonfuls of water, and then a portion of this was injected under the cat's skin. In less than fifteen mintues this cat, endowed as it was with its proverbial nine lives, succumbed after several severe convulsions.

In our large cities, boys who are scarcely old enough to put on their own clothes, can be seen seated on the curbstone repeating this experiment upon themselves by vigorously puffing away at cigarettes which contain this pernicious weed. In many cases, beyond the shadow of a doubt, they are also dosing themselves with other narcotic drugs, which are added to the cigarettes for the purpose of creating a still greater necessity for the continuation of their use. By smoking cigarettes these children are virtually sending in advance applications for entrance into institutions for the feeble-minded, or for a berth in the reform school, or possibly for a resting place in the cemetery.

Educators have particularly noted that few cigarette-smoking boys ever reach the high school. Their brain energy has been so thoroughly wasted by this pernicious habit that they have to drop out by the way, as they do not have sufficient mental capacity to pass the entrance examination in advanced work.

A boy was recently arraigned before the court charged with circulating obscene literature. His attorney pleaded for a dismissal of the case on the ground that he was a cigarette fiend, and consequently did not possess sufficient moral discrimination to recognize the heinousness of the crime of which he was accused. This case only illustrates in an exaggerated form the moral deterioration that is taking place, possibly to a less extent, but none the less surely, in every boy who has acquired this unnatural habit.—David Paulson, M.D., in 'Good Health.'

How Ned Barred Out Alcohol.

'If you won't invite it in as a guest, I've heard Uncle Tom say, alcohol will try to sneak into your blood like a thief. So I've gone around and barred all the doors.

'First, I've ordered tobacco to keep out, because tobacco slips the door open for alcohol before you know it.

'Then I locked the cider door tight. It didn't look very dangerous, but a taste for alcohol will creep in through a cat-hole.

'I put a good strong padlock on the pudding-sauce door, and when Aunt Marie told me that my plum pudding would taste flat without wine-sauce, I told her I'd rather it should taste flat than that I should some day lie flat like a drunkard.

'I slammed the wine-drop candy door shut the first time a boy offered me some. I won't even let a drop in.

'I've got the treating door double-locked and bolted all ready, if any one offers me beer or cordial, or even soda-water or lemonade that has been "doctored."'

'I've propped my pledge against all these doors. I've bolted them with prayers, and I believe Jesus will help me to keep alcohol forever out of my body.'—Recitation for a Junior Endeavorer, from 'Christian Endeavor World.'

It does not pay to give one man for $15 a quarter a license to sell liquor, and then spend $5,000 on the trial of another man for buying that liquor and committing murder under its influence.—'War Cry.'

DEAR LITTLE PETS.

—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Lizzie's Treats.

(By Eva A. Madden, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

When old Aunt Sally came to Professor Sloane, and asked permission to sell luncheons in the High School basement to the girls at recess, it was only after much pleading on her part that he gave his consent. The difficulty in refusing was, Aunt Sally had belonged to the Sloane's before the war, and the professor felt himself powerless in the face of her. 'Now, Mister Johnnie, yo' knows yo' ain' gwine ter say no ter yo' ole Mammy. All I wants am ter bring doughnuts an' cakes, an, la, now, Mister Johnnie, yo' knows how good I makes 'em, don't yo' now, honey?' she urged insinuatingly.

The fact that he did know, added to the sight of the rheumatic old hands no longer able to rub at the wash-board, made it an irresolute voice that urged the temptation towards extravagance this plan might prove to the school-girls. Her persistency winning in the end, Aunt Sally readily agreed to let none of the girls run up bills, 'not even seniors, remember, Aunt Sally,' warned the professor.

If their principal had doubts as to the wisdom of the scheme, the girls had none. Sugary hot doughnuts, fresh pulled candy, smoking 'raisiny' gingerbread, and very big, very sour pickles were much to their taste, and each day Aunt Sally's appearance was hailed with an enthusiasm which manifested itself in an increasing revenue of nickles and dimes to the old woman.

Before long the latest thing, along with a rivalry as to the immensity of one's white neck-ties, or the number of loops in the elaborate Alsatian hair-bows then the style, was 'treats' from Aunt Sally's lunch basket.

Three first year girls were among her first customers. Amy Benton, Lucy Carter and Carolyn Lindsey were rich, well-bred girls, who had been friends from childhood. When Lucy's father had decided on a year at the High School for his daughter, previous to a Wellesley preparatory course at Professor Wharton's expensive school, it was a matter of intense satisfaction to her that Amy's uncle and Carolyn's father were of the same mind concerning the education of her two friends.

Recesses at this school were spent in strolls about the basement, the favorite promenade being the senior's big recreation rooms. There the girls, eating, chatting, laughing, or imagining they were studying, formed a hollow moving square on its great floor.

The hubbub was deafening, talk varying from opinions as to the merit of 'Old Mam' Selle's Secret,' to whether Cromwell or Charles I. was most worthy of sympathy, girlish sentimentality inclining towards lace ruffles and waving lovelocks, while inborn American independence indorsed the liberty-loving Round Heads. The result of these arguments was not always productive of peace, and it was well known a debate concerning the atheistic tendencies of Alexander Pope, was responsible for the fact that Abbie Harding's arm was no longer seen about Evelyn Miles's waist at recess.

For three girls to walk abreast in this senior procession was very awkward, since the conversation required constant interruption as to what Amy had said, or a request that Lucy raise her voice, or for Carolyn not to turn corners so sharply as to swing Amy into collision with a neighboring couple. In addition, and all important, that intense feeling of intimacy school-girls love, can never exist among three as between the proverbial two.

This being the case, it was not considered treacherous to friendship

that Lizzie Boyd was gradually drawn into the group. Carolyn was the only objector. Nobody, she urged, knew a thing about their new friend, except that she was the prettiest of a very pretty class of first years. To be sure, as Amy answered, an impression existed among the girls that she had been adopted by rich Mrs. Arlington, who lived in the handsome residence at Third avenue and Chestnut street.

'But why?' insisted Carolyn, who was very fond of knowing 'who people were,' as she expressed it, 'why don't she ever ask us to visit her?'

Amy shook her head. Lizzie certainly maintained a carefully guarded silence as to her home life, never inviting callers, though three times a week she parted from the girls at Mrs. Arlington's gate, the others choosing to go in an opposite direction. Her clothes, though stylish and pretty, Carolyn noticed were never quite new, but her soft, curly hair tied with a cardinal bow into what the girls called a 'rooster's tail,' won her their special admiration. Her manners, too, were unusually pretty.

'She's nice, of course,' Carolyn admitted, 'but I never went with a girl before whose family mamma didn't know.'

Aunt Sally's arrival in the basement was welcomed with enthusiasm by Lizzie's three friends, amply supplied as they were with pocket money, and Lucy, always full of new schemes, proposed that, in future, each girl treat the whole group every fourth day. Only Lizzie failed to look pleased at the proposition.

'Don't you want to, Lizzie? Can't you afford it?' asked Carolyn, noticing the girl's discomfort.

Lizzie blushed, resenting Carolyn's tone of disdain. 'Of course I can,' she cried angrily. 'Do you suppose I'm too poor to afford to treat with the rest of you, Carolyn Lindsey?' and catching Lucy's arm she drew her away, but not quickly enough to avoid hearing Amy say, 'There, now, you've made her mad,' and Carolyn replied, 'I don't care if I have. She don't want to. Anybody could see that. She's either too poor or too stingy.'

The anger had not faded from her face when later she and Lucy returned with the first luncheon. Lucy's treat as originator of the new plan. Next came Amy's turn, then Carolyn's. The latter with the inclination towards playing Lady Bountiful, which dominated her nature, invested a goodly proportion of her week's allowance in so sumptuous a spread, that Amy and Lucy remembered with regret their past economy, and Lizzie determined at any cost to outdo Carolyn in revenge for her speeches of the past.

When, therefore, the girls joined Lizzie next day, Carolyn was discomforted to see the delightful treat Lizzie had provided.

'I thought I wouldn't wait until you girls came down,' she explained hastily, for heretofore the purchases had been made together. 'I hurried and caught Aunt Sally first of all and got the best. Come on, I've bid for the big window and Alice Moore is keeping it for us,' and following her lead the party was soon ensconced in the south window, passing doughnuts, cracking candy and cutting pickles into eatable-sized pieces. Their laughter and noticeably good luncheon, made even the seniors a trifle envious of first years having such good times.

'It's lots better not to wait but buy luncheon alone as Lizzie did. We have more time,' remarked Lucy approvingly. Her friend smiled with pleasure. She was the gayest of the party. Her luncheon was a perfect success, quite throwing Carolyn's into the shade. For the moment Lizzie was the most important of the quartette.

As the weeks passed, however, the secret enmity between Carolyn and Lizzie displayed itself in an effort to outdo each other in their treats. Then the other two friends caught the contagion, bought more and more prodigally of Aunt Sally's stores.

Though Lizzie was willing to laugh and talk on other subjects she still avoided all mention of home affairs. Her pretty face no longer wore its bright look. Instead, the girl looked so worried as to cause Miss Ward, the Latin teacher, to ask if she were sick, and Carolyn, always on the alert, asked Amy as they were walking home together, to notice how Lizzie Boyd was growing positively ugly.

'Amy,' she asked suddenly one afternoon, 'are you going to invite her to your luncheon, your birthday one, I mean?'

'That's the very thing I am worrying about,' and Amy gave a sigh of relief that the ice was broken. 'You see, Lizzie never asks us to her house or tells us a thing about her family. As far as I am concerned, it don't make any difference, I just hate to leave her out, but mamma, you see, wants to know all about my friends, where they live, and all that, and she likes to know their mothers. I can't tell her a thing about Lizzie except that she's pretty, and we like her. I'm awfully bothered, I don't like to slight her, but mamma would never be satisfied.'

'Why don't she tell us where she came from then, and all about herself?' was Carolyn's quick reply. 'It's all right not to brag and all that but people don't keep a dead silence unless there's something to be silent about. You mark my words! It's Lucy's fault, anyway. She's always taking up with queer girls. Mercy, Amy, talking of angels,' and she nodded towards the opposite corner.

There was Lizzie, her books in her arms, conversing very earnestly with Aunt Sally.

(To be continued.)

Don't Do That.

('League Journal.')

'Don't do that,' the mother says,
Interrupting noisy ways;
Oft it seems that 'Don't do that'
Quite makes up each day's 'Home Chat.'

'Don't do that'—no need to try
To find out the reason why;
Puzzle great to little folk,
Without semblance of a joke!

Yet there's lots that we may do
We may be both kind and true;
Play with baby if he's cross,
Or lamenting infant loss.

We can comfort little Sis
When she cries with loving kiss;
Or dear father's slippers warm,
Watching that they take no harm.

Mother's tired—she works for all—
We must answer her first call;
Prompt obedience makes her glad,
Disobedience makes her sad.

If we cheerfully obey
Our dear parents day by day,
God will bless us day and night,
And we'll be like sunbeams bright.

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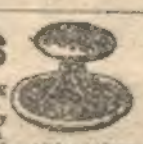

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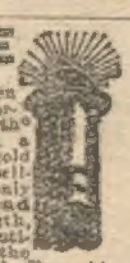

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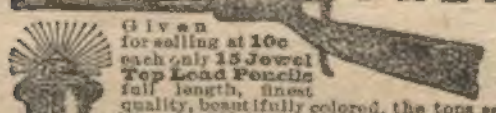

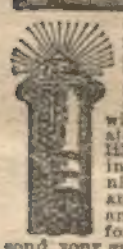

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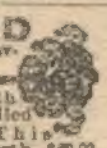

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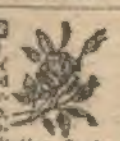

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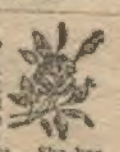

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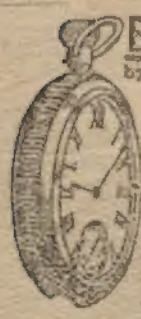

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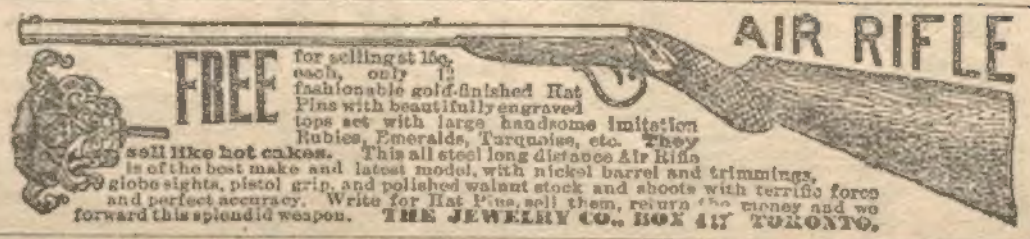

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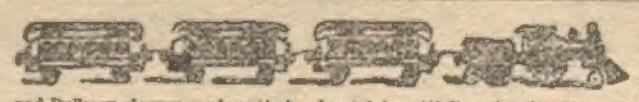

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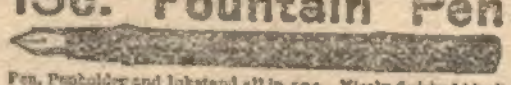
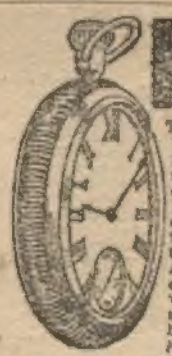
We give this handsome polished nickel Watch, American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black Japanned holder and cap. Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c each. Our price only 15c each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 421, Toronto, Ont.**

Free



This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling at 10c. each, only 2 doz. **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the Tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Sapphires, Emeralds, Amethysts, Rubies and Turquoises. **Just out. All the rage. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Co.,** Box 413 **Toronto.**

FREE

PIANO DULCIMER

With a regular keyboard, and a beautiful case, elegantly ornamented with flowers and leaves. Clear, sweet tone. Given for selling only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send you this beautiful Piano. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 441 TORONTO.**

TOY GRAPHOPHONE.

American Model, made entirely of metal, with silver colored record, 6-inch brass horn, and regulating pin. Runs by clockwork and plays a pretty music box selection. **Given for selling only 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Its fragrance lasts for years.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send the Graphophone, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co. Box 443 Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $60.00. We give it for selling only 8 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and receive this handsome Gold Cased watch, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 433, Toronto.

FREE STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, **given** for selling only 4 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for perfume, sell it, return the money and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 442 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE 6 LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

Fine white linen lawn, full size, hemstitched with beautiful lace edge, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.20, and receive your 6 Lace Handkerchiefs, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 430 Toronto, Ont.**

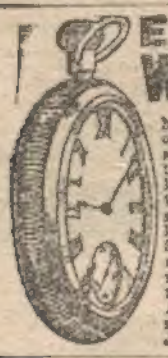
FREE

New Princess Bracelet, elegant design consisting of 28 large beautiful imitation Pearls, 28 splendid deep blue imitation Turquoise and a superb medallion of a beautiful Cherub in colors in a fine Gold setting. Given for selling only 6 large beautiful packages of delicious Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return 60c., and we mail this superb Bracelet. Rose Perfume Co., Box 452 Toronto.

FREE SILK RIBBONS

All from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles, suitable for No-kwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, all colors and widths, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 404 TORONTO**

Advertisements.



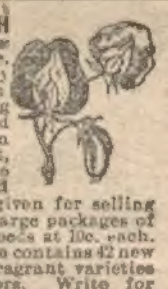
EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 36 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

FREE

Solid Gold or Silver gold-plate given for selling at 15c. each only 3 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.05, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. BOX 431 TORONTO.**

FREE



GOLD WATCH Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable jewelled movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 438 Toronto, Ont.**

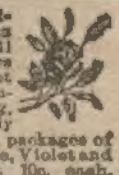
FREE OPALS AND RUBIES

Elegantly engraved Gold Ring, set with 3 large, beautiful imitation **Opals**, showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 4 exquisitely cut fiery flashing **Rubies**. A magnificent piece of jewelry. Looks well worth $50.00. Given for selling, at 10c. each, only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box **449 Toronto.**

FREE

Gold Inlaid Solid Alaska Silver Watch, open face, stem wind and set, screw back and bezel, highly finished and positively dust proof. The movement is **full-jewelled** with quick train and expansion balance, perfectly regulated and adjusted, a thoroughly reliable **Time-keeper. Given** for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 largest most fragrant flowering varieties. **Every-body buys them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send this magnificent Gold Inlaid Watch, postpaid. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 454 Toronto**

FREE

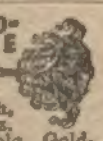


2 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring, given for selling only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Box 407 Toronto.**

120 LATEST SONGS AND 4 PIECS OF MUSIC 10c.

All the latest hits, comic, pathetic and sentimental in one large volume, 8 x 11 inches, clearly printed on good paper and neatly bound in attractive colored covers. 120 Songs and 3 pieces of music, 15c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**

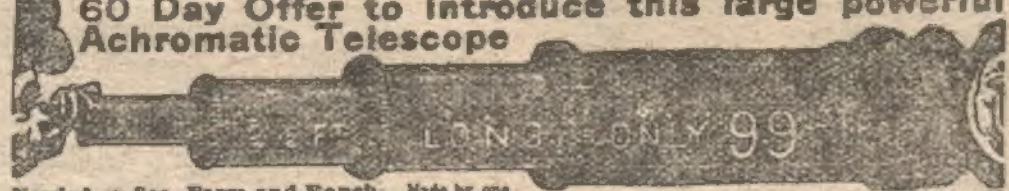
FREE



CRAPHOPHONE Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 410 Toronto.**

Advertisements.

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon, Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large powerful Achromatic Telescope



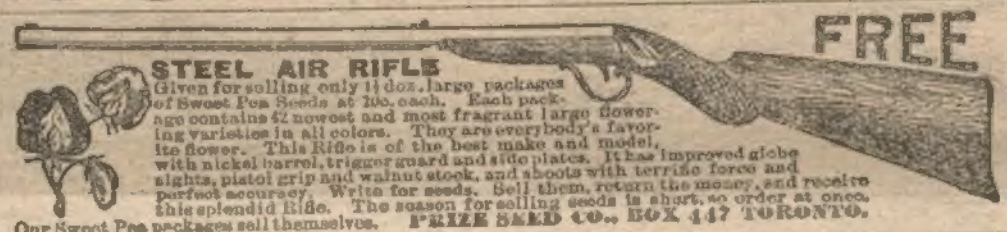
Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe, measures 18½ inches when closed and nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass caps to exclude dust. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Our Special 60 Day Introductory Price, only, 99c.** postpaid. This is a great chance. Don't miss it, order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 491 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

WATCH & CHAIN
Beautiful Presents FREE To Boys and Girls.
We are giving away hundreds of presents absolutely free to boys, girls and ladies, for selling at 15c. each, eight or more beautiful gold finished Hat Pins, with elegantly designed tops, set with superb imitation Turquoise, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. These Hat Pins sold in the big Toronto stores at 25c. each, and elsewhere at 35c. and 50c. At our price, only 15c., our agents everywhere say THEY GO LIKE WILDFIRE. Write and we mail eight Hat Pins. Sell them, return $1.20 and we send you any Premium in our List given for selling $1.20 worth, or if you wish to secure one of our higher priced premiums, we will send you more Hat Pins. A GRAND CHANCE FOR YOU. Write to-day. AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 42 TORONTO.

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 491 Toronto.**

STEEL AIR RIFLE



Given for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO.**

EARN THIS WATCH

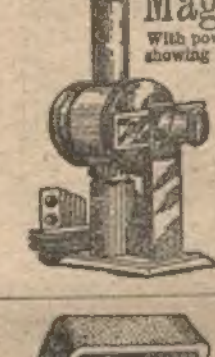
By selling only 2 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored holder and fluted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip of ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 403 Toronto, Can.**

McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, **10c.** postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 431, Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c, and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**



Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 6 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.**

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 409 Toronto**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., pos paid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 3 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case, with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations given for selling at 15c. each only 10 fashionable Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Amethysts, Emeralds, etc. These Hat Pins are sold regularly for 25c. At our price, only 15c., every lady will buy one or more. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send your Accordeon all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 405, TORONTO.**

HAT MIRROR and HAT MARK.

Handsome Mirror, elegantly mounted in flexible leatherette, embossed in bright gilt, with space for owner's name. Can be instantly attached to any hat, ladies or gents. The neatest thing out. Light as a feather. A handsome and useful ornament. Needed by everybody. A HOT SELLER FOR AGENTS. Sample 10c., 2 for 20c; 1 doz. 75c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., Box 401 Toronto**

FREE LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem-wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. Prize Seed Co., Box 431 Toronto.

FREE Gold Watch

Handsome polished Nickel, guaranteed reliable American Watch for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. beautifully finished, full sized Celluloid Photographs of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra and the Prince and Princess of Wales or this elegantly engraved Gold Finished Double Hunting Case Watch here shown, (Lady's or Gent's size), for selling only 4 doz. THE PHOTOGRAPHS SELL LIKE HOT CAKES. Write and we send Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send your magnificent watch, postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., Box 417 TORONTO**